

CATHOLICITY IN HAMIL- TON.

Some History and a Description of the
Church Institutions that Now
Flourish There—By "Old-Timer."

During my late visit to Hamilton I for the first time visited St. Mary's Cathedral and offered a prayer for the repose of the soul of my father, who was buried in the year 1845 in the ground that the cathedral now covers, so that the locality had for me a personal as well as a general interest. The original St. Mary's was a small structure of frame, covered with rough-cast. It was erected in 1838 or 1840, the principal participants in the erection being the Brick brothers, four in number, and

Fitzpatrick family, also four in number. These men all belonged to the different building trades. Before Hamilton secured a regular Catholic pastor, it was visited by missionaries from various localities, such as Kingston, Toronto, Sandwich, Niagara and Dundas. Among those missionaries were Fathers Proulx, Cassidy, Forbes, Campton and Cullen. There were Highland Scotch, Irish and Frenchmen among them. The tales of suffering and endurance that these followers of Christ had to tell were many, and their visits were to the untutored savage Indian as well as the civilized white man. A church was established at Dundas before Hamilton and many Hamilton Catholics visited Dundas to hear mass on Sundays before a regular pastor was appointed for Hamilton. The first resident priest at Hamilton was the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonell, who was transferred from Kingston, and who came to Canada

first to conduct an ecclesiastical college at St. Raphael in Glengarry County. The "Old Vicar" as he was affectionately called, was a venerable, refined and scholarly gentleman and greatly given to controversy. He was also a poet of considerable merit. In Kingston he commenced the publication of the first Catholic journal in Upper Canada and which was called "The Catholic." This paper was published in Hamilton from the year 1841 to the year 1844, when the vicar was superannuated and the paper discontinued. He died April 2, 1847, and his remains repose under St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The writer well remembers the sad event. It was the year of the immigrant fever that among many others brought death to the first Bishop of Toronto, the Right Rev. Michael Power, who came here from Halifax. Bishop Power was a grand man and a noble figure.

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The successor to Vicar-General Macdonell was the Rev. Edward Gordon, who was transferred from the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, where there was then a large Catholic congregation, but which dwindled down as the town lost its importance, some of the people going to St. Catharines, some to Toronto and some to the Falls, Buffalo and elsewhere. Father Gordon was of the same nationality as his predecessor, and was educated for the priesthood at St. Raphael. He had put in a long missionary service before he was appointed to a parish. He had a venerable brother, a layman, who accompanied him from Niagara and lived with him in the same stone cottage that was a little west of the church, where Vicar-General Macdonell also had lived. I found that that residence has disappeared or been transformed. Where the convent and other houses now stand in front of the cathedral was commons in which

were planted a number of crab apple trees. I had often watched a company of Catholic soldiers go through their evolutions there before marching away. They were in charge of Captain Trench. The inside of the old church was plain but had pews. The pews of the aristocracy of those days—the McNabs and the Macdonells—were to the east of the altar, and inside the railing. There was no choir until several years after the church was built, when a loft was erected over the entrance for its accommodation. The choir loft was built by the members themselves among whom were several carpenters. Thomas Clohecy, a carpenter, was the first choir leader. "Old-Timer" performed his part in this work by holding a candle for Mr. Clohecy. The work was done at night, hence the necessity for the candle holding as gas lighting was in the womb of the future and electric lighting was a dream of the

alchemist. There were a number of good singers in that first choir but I remember only a few of them. Besides Thomas Clohecyc there was Thomas Murray, also a carpenter. There were a couple of Fleming girls who were good singers and had very sweet voices. There were some members of the Gilbert family and the Sweetman family that participated. Afterwards the choir was enriched by the advent of some newcomers such as Theophilas and George Filgiana, Connor Tracey, Mr. Pronguay and a young French-Canadian who worked for Mr. Joly, the harness-maker, but whose name I cannot now recall. At any rate it had the reputation of being a good choir.

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After Bishop Power's death in 1847 the Rev. John Carroll was appointed administrator of the diocese. Father Carroll was a Niagara man too, and a priest with a long

lated to the Carroll family that gave the United States its first bishop and had done great service in early days as a missionary. There was a great deal of wit and humor in his composition and he was not adverse to an occasional practical joke. He owned a farm near Niagara, on which he lived after his retirement. He died in Chicago about 1884 and was nearly a hundred years of age. I do not know, however, that he ever visited Hamilton.

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Right Rev. Count De Charbonnel was the second bishop of the diocese. He was consecrated in Rome on May 26, 1850. He sent Father Carayon, a holy young French priest, to assist Father Gordon in Hamilton, after serving some time in Toronto. I heard Bishop de Charbonnel pronounce Father Carayon's eulogy and he attributed to him almost miraculous powers. Father Gordon, I remember, was at times greatly troubled with rheumatism in some of its acute forms.

In 1849 there was a visitation of cholera at Hamilton and again in 1854. At the latter date the dread scourge kept the Vicar and his devoted coadjutor busy day and night attending to the spiritual wants of the victims. The Vicar continued his labors in Hamilton up to the time of his death, which was on the 15th of October, 1870, at the age of 79. His remains are interred under St. Mary's Cathedral and the spot is marked by a marble tablet.

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Shortly after coming to Toronto Bishop de Charbonnel urged the division of the diocese and making Hamilton the seat of a See. At the Council of Quebec in June, 1854, the formation of two additional Sees was urged on the Propaganda, and those of Hamilton and London were then formed. The first Bishop of Hamilton was the Rt. Rev. John Farrell of Peterborough, who was consecrated on May 11, 1856, by Mgr. de Charbonnel, and on the 24th of May the new bishop made his entry into his episcopal city, amid the rejoicing of the Catholics of Hamilton and the new diocese.

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I do not know what Catholic institutions, if any, there were in Hamilton when Bishop Farrell came to Hamilton, but there were none during the tenures of Vicars-General Macdonell or Gordon.

THE CATHEDRAL.

There are now in Hamilton city about 8,000 Catholics. There is the Cathedral church of St. Mary's, presided over by the Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling. It was erected in 1860, and has seating capacity for 1,000 persons. The organ is a very fine and powerful instrument. Its windows are all of stained glass, representing the Rosary mysteries, and are of Munich manufacture, and costing about \$12,000, and are, all but two, donations from families of the parish. There are two large memorial windows to the deceased bishops—Farrell and Crimmins—and are the gifts of Bishop Dowling, clergy

and religious communities of the diocese. The high altar is a fine piece of work.

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The first rector was Vicar-General Gordon. Eight years prior to his demise Father Heenan, V.G., now of Dundas, performed most of the active work of the Cathedral. He was the rector for a period of 27 years. In 1889 Father McEvay, the present Bishop of London, was made rector. When Mgr. McEvay was made Bishop of London in August, 1899, Father Mahoney, a member of an old Hamilton family, was made rector, and is rector now. He is making preparations for the consecration of the Cathedral and the celebration of the golden jubilee of the diocese, in May of next year. Associated with Father Mahony in the Cathedral service are Rev. J. P. Holden, Chancellor of the Diocese and Superintendent of Schools; Rev. J. Ferguson, Rev. M. Weidmer, and

Rev. Arthur Savage. The latter has charge of the Cathedral Gregorian choir.

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The different societies connected with the Cathedral are as follows: The Altar Society, which has 650 members—President, Mrs. Knapman; Treasurer, Mrs. Burdett; Secretary, Miss L. Roche; Assistant Secretary, Miss Ada Cushon.

League of the Sacred Heart, 1,800 members—President, Miss C. Bastien; Secretary, Miss C. Foley.

Young Ladies' Sodality—Third Order of St. Francis—and Rosary Society.

St. Vincent de Paul Society—President Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, J. J. Austin; Treasurer, Thos. Williams; Secretary, M. Brown.

Particular Society—A. O'Brien, President; J. Burns, Vice-President; F. Burdett, Treasurer; J. P. Dougherty, Secretary.

St. Mary's Benevolent Society —
President, Mrs. Long; Vice-Presi-
dent, Mrs. Coughlin; Treasurer,
Mrs. Keating; Secretary, Miss K.
Walsh.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

St. Patrick's Parish was organized
in 1877. The first pastor was the
Rev. John Keough, who continued
to attend to the spiritual wants of
the people until 1885, and had as as-
sistants during his incumbency, Rev.
James McGuire and Rev. J. J. Cra-
ven. From 1885 to 1886 Rev. M. J.
Cleary had charge. He was succeed-
ed by Rev. P. Cosgrove from Janu-
ary, 1886, to July, 1887, when Rev.
J. J. Craven, who was still assist-
ant, was appointed and continued un-
til the present pastor, Rev. J. H.
Coty, assumed the responsibilities
and duties of the parish in August,
1899. His assistant is Rev. E. R.
Walsh.

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This church is situated on Main street east, near Wellington street, and has a large plot of ground surrounding it. It has a fine school building attached. It serves the old "Corktown" district largely.

The following are the societies attached and their officers:

C.M.B.A., Branch No. 37—President, J. A. Cox; Secretary, Chas. Robertson; Financial Secretary, Gerald Guyette; Treasurer, J. B. Lawlor; 115 members.

A.O.H., Division No. 1f—Chas. Shields, President; J. Carroll, Vice-President; J. Williamson, Secretary; membership 150.

Altar Society—Mrs. Bateman, President; Miss A. Dermody, Secretary; Miss M. Ronan, Treasurer.

Young Ladies' Sodality—Miss M. Mooney, Prefect; Violet Watson, Secretary; Miss M. Maloney, Treasurer; Miss N. Hooper, Librarian.

Ladies' Benevolent Society—Mrs. F. Quinn, President; Miss F. Barker, Secretary; Miss Lewis, Treasurer.

Young Members Literary and Athletic Association. This society has a membership of 80. A branch of the Catholic Order of Foresters is in course of organization.

• ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH.

St. Lawrence parish was founded in 1890 with Rev. George O'Sullivan as first pastor. The present incumbent is Rev. R. E. M. Brady. The buildings are located on Mary street. The present enrollment shows 260 families in the parish. The societies are the Young Ladies Sodality, C. M.B.A., Ancient Order Hibernians, Altar Society and League of the Sacred Heart.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

This church was opened in 1904. It is a brick structure and has a capacity of 500 sittings. The first

priest in charge was Father Hinchey. The priest now in charge is Rev. Wm. Gehl. Its location is on Herkimer street, in the south-western part of the city.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

A handsome church of silicate brick with a seating capacity of 500, situated at Barton street and Sherman avenue, in the East End, is now in course of erection on a large tract of land, purchased by Bishop Dowling two years ago. As soon as circumstances permit a school, convent and pastor's residence will be added.

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There are now in Hamilton, including the Cathedral and St. Ann's Church, building, five churches. The residence of Bishop Dowling is in the western section of the city. There is a fine, capacious priests' residence attached to St. Mary's Cathedral. The rector of the Cathedral is Rev. J. M. Mahony, long a resident of Hamilton. In 1889 Right Rev. Bishop Dowling was transferred from the See of Peterborough to that of Hamilton. Since then thirteen new parishes have been established in the diocese. Twenty-eight priests have been ordained; St. Mary's, St. Thomas' and St. Ann's schools have been opened in the city. Loretto Academy and St. Joseph's Convent and Orphanage have been greatly enlarged; St. Joseph's Hospital has been established, and the House of Providence at Dundas has been added to the Catholic institutions of Hamilton and vicinity. The schools are the

Sacred Heart, St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Thomas, St. Lawrence and St. Vincent's.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

More Hamilton "Recollections" Come Trooping to my Thoughts—Some Other "Giants" of Those Days—
"Jack" Dunn from Skenneatlis—
"Jim" Mullin—Some Mahoneys—
One a Great Artist Afterwards—
The Flahertys, O'Rourkes and Maguires -- "Pat" McClosky, "Tim" Shine— Henry McSherry — Peter O'Meara, a Youthful Oracle—John and Jerry Sullivan—Three Egans, Men of Note—"Davy" White and John Kennedy—Three Ralstons—

"Allick" Mitchell and His Brother Daniel.

Since writing my last Hamilton "Recollections" a number of new names have occurred to my mind. In my interview with Mr. Butler of the "Spectator" in the American Consul's office, the name of "Big Franks" came to be mentioned. Mr. Butler in his "Saturday Musings" set him down as one of the "giants of those days." Physically, he was the only giant that was mentioned. He was a "Corktown" boy, but not a Corkonian. Nor would that be any disgrace, for about that time was Canada ruled by Corkonians, in the persons of Robert Baldwin, Robert Sullivan, Francis Hincks and others. "Big Franks'" father was an Eng-

lishman and his mother an Irish woman, while he was himself Canadian born. He had a yellow complexion and a deal to say for a large man. He had no literary taste, but was not lacking in enterprise. He learned the printer's trade with Solomon Brega, an Irish publisher who espoused the Reform cause. I think Francis Franks established the first newspaper in the village of Elora, which he dubbed the "Elora Backwoodsman." Hon. Col. Clarke, the present clerk of the Ontario Legislature, who had been an editor of the "Journal and Express," Mr. Brega's paper, had established himself in the same Wellington village as a merchant, and I think edited the "Backwoodsman" for Franks, and I believe eventually became the owner of the paper.

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I make mention of this man Franks again, because of a singular coincidence. When I was living in the Illinois town of Peoria there was a family of printers living there named Franks, the Father of whom was named Francis Franks, and was a large man, greatly resembling my old Hamilton friend, and until I interviewed him, thought him to be the same man; but he denied that he had ever resided in Canada. Our "Big Franks" I understood, removed to some town in Michigan.

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There was another Hamilton printer in the early forties that I do not think any Hamilton printer of this day has any recollection of. With whom he learned the trade I do not know, but his name was "Jack" Dunn. Dunn is an Irish name, but this man was not Irish, which I know because I knew his father, and he was one of the few Englishmen then residing in Hamilton. He was a builder and carpenter by occupation, with a shop on the east side of James street, near Rebecca street. "Jack" Dunn was both adventurous and demonstrative. When yet a youth he sought his fortune in York State and pitched his tent in a town with the classic name of Skénneatlis, and worked on the Skenneatlis "Democrat," making himself generally useful. About the year 1844 he returned to Hamilton full of vim and bombast, and determined to show the

people of the Heights how a live newspaper of the sensational type should be run. He had neither type nor press of his own, but utilized the printing office of John Robertson, then located at the south-east corner of King and Hughson streets. The paper was named the Hamilton "Herald," so that my friends, the Harris Brothers, cannot boast that the name originated with them, al-

though the pictorial initial letters did. The sheet was spectacular perhaps because it was original in its type, following no newspaper rules. Dunn was his own editor, reporter, proof-reader, compositor and pressman. He reminds me of "Long John" Wentworth of the Chicago Democrat, the first newspaper in Chicago, when that paper was first brought out, with this difference—"Long John" was also his own carrier; but he was afterwards Mayor of Chicago and member of Congress. Well! It was getting to be cold weather and Dunn bought a load of cord-wood to make a fire and keep the office warm. The wood was dumped on the street in front of the office to await the arrival of some one with a buck and saw to make stove wood of it. It was contrary to the town by-laws to deposit firewood on the street, and "Jack" had a visit from Cheevers, the town constable, and the sensa-

tional gentleman late of Skenneatles was summoned to appear before the police board at the "Engine House" on King William street next day. The occasion was spectacular for Dunn was swelled with the pride of a loco loco democrat and the injured innocence of an enterprising and spirited citizen who had come back to his old home to teach his benighted fellow citizens some of the things he had gleaned abroad that would be for their benefit. The president of the board officiated and asked Mr. Dunn what he had to say why a fine should not be imposed upon him for a flagrant violation of a town by-law.

He made a regular stump speech. He dwelt on the harmlessness of the wood, the inconveniences of putting it anywhere else, while it was intended for immediate use and not for storage. No such absurd law as

that prevailed in Skenneatlis, where they were all free and independent citizens of a free republic that would countenance no such tyranny as interfering with one's rights like this. He was a free and enlightened Democrat, advocating equal rights for all and no tom foolery. They might call him a locofoco if they wished, but anyhow they were a lot of know-nothing demagogues who needed to be taught the lesson of liberty, free speech and equal rights and to look out for the first issue of the "Herald" when it appeared on Saturday. Then they would hear the eagle scream and the whangdoodle holler out! Mr. Dunn was fined \$2.00 and costs, but he had the matter for a sensational article for the first issue of his paper. Two columns with a "scare heading" were given to the wood matter and the first issue went off well; but Hamilton was not yet

ready for that kind of "yellow journalism" and the "Herald" soon ceased to exist. Whether Dunn went back to Skenneatlis or not no one seemed to know, but years afterwards it was said he found his way to the gold fields of California, where he was killed in a duel. At least so the legend ran.

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"Jim" Mullin was another Hamilton printer who is not reckoned among "the giants of those days." He was not "voluble" like John Harris, nor profane like "Mick" Sweetman, nor sycophantic like Teddy Powers, nor democratic like "Jack" Dunn, but was good-natured beyond any Hamilton printer I ever knew. I never knew him to utter an angry or discourteous word. His voice was ever for kindness, his action for courtesy. He would make fun wherever he could and do a kindness wherever

he was able. He had a habit of using snuff and carried a picturesque snuffbox, and if he could do you no other kindness he would offer you a "pinch." He did not work regularly at the trade, but as occasion required. He was an Irish-Canadian, born, I believe, in the vicinity somewhere. There were a good many Mullins in those days. James Mullin had an uncle, a Dr. Mullin, near Copetown, several miles from Dundas, who was an Irish-Catholic, as I knew from some of the papers he subscribed for, but

I never knew "Jim" Mullin to trouble any church, poor fellow.

There were several Mahoneys that "Old-Timer" knew in Hamilton in the forties. One of those Mahoneys was an attache of one of the banks, perhaps the father of the present rector of St. Mary's Cathedral; and there was a Mahoney who lived but a short time in the city, because he led the life of a roving artist. This Mahoney was quite a young man when I knew him and that was in repeal days. I once heard him utter his sentiments with regard to the British Government, "The British Government," said he, "has among her other iniquities, taxed every pane of glass in Irish windows, and any government that would tax the light of heaven on the poor is not fit to exist." This Mahony painted portraits, but I do not know any one

whose portrait he painted in Hamilton, but he became famous as a roving artist, who many years afterwards made his headquarters in Chicago. I believe he painted the portraits of Popes and Kings as well as other men of distinction, and is one of those who uphold the artistic pride of that city. I think he died in Chicago more than twenty years ago.

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There were two brothers, both real giants, in Hamilton in those days, named Flaherty—John and James. John had a reputation for sawing four cords of firewood in a day, and James was well known as a steamboat waiter.

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“O'Rourke, Maguire, those souls of fire,

Whose names are shrined in story,
Think how their high achievements
Once made Erin's greatest glory.”

I don't remember about O'Rourkes in Hamilton in the forties, but I am sure there were Maguires. Yes, I have a kind recollection of "Pat" Maguire, and hundreds of others have had occasion also, for he was a kindly man. He was an officer of some sort on the steamer that plied between Hamilton and Toronto in 1849. I know that he was kind to Old-Timer when he made the trip that landed him in Toronto in the fall of that year on the "Admiral" or whatever boat it was that then occupied the route. He pointed out everything to me that was of any interest, especially after we came in view of Toronto: The old fort, the garrison, Privat's house on the island, etc. I asked him if there was any family among his Toronto acquaintances with whom I might secure board, and he told me of the Lee family, then residing on Frederick

street, and with three generations of whom I have since kept up acquaintance. "Pat" Maguire and his brother Frank, years afterwards kept places of entertainment in Hamilton and were very popular, but I believe both are long since dead.

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Who now in Hamilton remembers "Pat" McClosky of the red head, who kept the "Rising Sun" Hotel opposite the old market-house on south John street, in those days of gloomy forebodings, but ardent expectations. Perhaps no one, or Tim Shine, schoolmaster, who turned to tavern-keeping, but afterwards removed to Guelph?

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Henry McSherry was an Irishman of some consequence during Hamil-

ton's early Irish days. I think he lived on Main street east; and so did the genteel and refined McKenna family. There was an O'Meara family living in Corktown, of which Peter, the eldest son, was the rising pride. Peter was the boys' oracle, as they used to sit of evenings on the edge of the sidewalk near the Manning cottage. Though but twelve or fourteen years of age, Peter O'Meara had a lot of knowledge stored away in his little head and he read a lot of books for one so young, and used to fascinate us with his recitals, especially with his descriptions of Napoleon's battles, with which he held us spell bound. I have never since seen the name of O'Meara in print that I did not think of Peter. He claimed that Napoleon's surgeon, Dr. O'Meara, was a relative of his family.

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A man named Buckley owned a tenement house far up in Corktown, but I forget the name of the street. I remember it because a scolding woman lived in it who used to make an exhibition of herself occasionally, but I believe Mr. Buckley lived in Galt town.

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John and Jerry Sullivan, shoemakers, lived in McCann's tenement house on Tyburn street. John played the fiddle and used to give occasional dance parties to the neighbors, and Jerry used to get on the "jamboree." Peter Connors, of kindest memory, lived in the same locality.

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There were three Egans, quite respectable men, that were in business in Hamilton in the late forties. Two brothers kept a considerable grocery and liquor store on James street, a little south of McNab street, on the east side of the street, and went into the pork-packing business. One of them was for some time associated with a man named Brongeest, who was an object. Brongeest was a short man with a stomach so large that it was difficult for him to walk and one of the children's fads was to imitate him. Some 25 years ago I met one of those Egan brothers in Chicago, where he was in business on 12th street, near the Jesuit church, and we had a long talk about Hamilton. He was the first man to tell me about Charles Brega's great success in that city.

There was a James Egan, in the dry goods trade, who was nothing to these Egans. He was distinguished as a vocalist and used to sing in St. Mary's choir. I understand he is yet on the quarter deck of life, hale and hearty, and binds the past to the present in Hamilton's local history. Long may he live to tell the tale of her progress and greatness.

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David White was a court crier, an imposing-looking gentleman of the Irish persuasion, who lived in Hamilton many years.

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John Kennedy kept a grocery store in the old county building, at the south-west corner of Main street and Hughson, before Mr. Smiley bought it for the "Spectator." There was a public hall in the upper story of that building that no doubt Mr. Pearson will remember. I was present in that hall once when a man named McNab gave an entertainment of legerdemain. One of the feats performed was by Mrs. McNab, who lifted a blacksmith's anvil from the floor by the hair of her head.

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Mr. Ralston, the inspector of weights and measures, who has already been alluded to, had several sons that I remember. One of them was I think, for a time foreman in the "Spectator" office; another was a salesman in Kennedy's wholesale dry goods store. They were both men of character and above the common lot. There was a third son whom we called "Bob."

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Alex. Mitchell was prominent among Hamilton tailors, when cloaks were worn by gentlemen and white pants fastened by straps were fashionable. Mitchell was a "crony" of John Robertson, the printer, and was a member of the Amateur Theatrical Company, headed by John Harrison, the artist. He had a brother named Daniel, a printer, whom I often met.

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The Hamilton Times, I find, is not kindly disposed towards Old Timer. In its issue of Friday, Oct. 6th, I am viciously assailed with regard to some of my statements, they being condemned as "shockingly astray"; yet I am at a loss to learn who in

that office is fit to be my critic. What I have written about the late John Christian not being "much of a printer," is produced as evidence of my inaccuracy. Dear me; I had no malice in store for poor John Christian. All could not be "giant" printers; I was not one myself. I was satisfied to be equal to the average. I do not think Mr Christian was any more. But whence this animus, old friend Times? Perhaps it comes from the fact that the "Herald" has got ahead of you in republishing my reminiscences, as the editor of the "Times" confessed to me during my late visit. Well, no matter.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Old-Timer Receives a "Jolt" and Defends Himself—A Brief Outline of an Active Career—Proposes to Lecture—"Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor, and Canadian Statesman," His Subject.

Old-Timer has received a "jolt" and now faces a shower of poisoned arrows sent from a totally unexpected quarter, which in justice to himself and his friends he is bound to ward off. The Hamilton Times

is the assailant. A kind friend has sent me a marked copy of that paper containing the unkind assault, which is partly as follows:

"Has a bad memory. Old-Timer is far off in some statements. Like some other old-timers who write from very defective memories about former days in Hamilton, William Halley, who is loading the Catholic Register every week with a letter, is shockingly astray in what he presents as facts." I do not mind honest criticism for the purpose of eliciting the truth, but wholesale and untrue charges like the foregoing are not to be meekly borne. A quotation has been made to justify the attack and commented on, but it is too trivial to be taken up. There's an animus in the criticism that is far from being fair or candid and that is what hurts. It is impossible for any one

to write reminiscences without committing some errors. No form of writing is more vulnerable. But I deny that my memory is "bad" or that I am "far off" in my statements. Although I am several years beyond the allotted span of three score and ten, nothing has happened to impair my mind. If I were a habitual drinker, a user of tobacco or drugs, or had suffered an accident of any kind to my head, there might be some reason to fling those accusations at me. I am happy to say that I have preserved my mental faculties through all these years and they are as clear and comprehensive to-day as they ever were.

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I am not a believer in Dr. Osler's theory that a man's faculties begin to wane at the age of forty, and for myself I can claim that like old wine, they improve with age.

they improve with age.

What I am writing about are men and occurrences of sixty years ago. Now, who in the "Times" office is old enough, is mentally sound enough, observant enough and conscientiously bound enough, to criticise my statements involved in those years? No one, I am sure. Consequently the allegations used against me are, to say the least, unkind and the attack must have other motives than a desire for accuracy.

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When I visited Hamilton a short time ago I called at the "Times" office to renew an acquaintance made more than fifty years ago, and anticipated a pleasant visit. I met new faces to be sure, but on making myself known I thought I would meet the old cordiality. The editor of the "Times" then told me he had thought of republishing my contributions to the "Register" about Hamilton, but that another paper (the Herald) had got ahead of him and he therefore let them drop. It is therefore clear to me that this attack is the consequence of newspaper rivalry—a disparagement of the wares of the other fellow—and I am the victim.

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The remark—"Like some other old-timers,"—used in the above quotation from the "Times," has, I presume, reference to the Hamilton "Spectator," which maintains a writer of reminiscences, and the "Herald," using mine, leaves the "Times" without any such contributor, and therefore adopts the policy of disparagement to sustain itself. I do not think the writer for the "Spectator" has to depend on a "very defective memory" for his statements, because he has the bound back volumes of that paper to fall back on where he may be in doubt as to dates, names and performances.

Therefore the "Times" again and more malicious than ever. *Swick* ong
rect. cor-

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Now, I am about to occupy some space concerning myself. I want to show my Hamilton readers why I am competent to write Hamilton reminiscences, and why Hamilton newspaper men ought to be kind to me and overlook my defects, if I show any.

It is sixty-five years since I first saw Hamilton, and was immediately bound there as an apprentice to the printing trade. All of my contemporaries of that period, with one single exception, are dead and passed away. I always spoke kindly of them and had a keen sense of pride in some of them. There were giants among them, but there were some pigmies too. I helped to launch the oldest paper in Hamilton to-day — the Spectator. I printed and circulated the prospectus of that paper and did a number of first things for it.

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I printed the prospectus of the first papers in Guelph—the Advertiser and the Herald. I did the same thing personally for the St. Catharines Constitutional. When I removed to Toronto, in 1849 it was to work for a Hamilton man, Mr. Hugh B. Wilson. I got on, in Toronto. I soon secured the foremanship of the "Mirror," an old newspaper. My next advance was to the city editorship of "The Colonist," then Toronto's only daily newspaper. I was next offered in 1855, the agency for the Montreal Type Foundry in Hamilton. The "Spectator" and the "Banner" were the only political papers then in Hamilton, both daily. I was next promoted to the Toronto branch of the Montreal Type Foundry. This position brought me in contact with most of the printers and publishers of Upper Canada and I formed many warm friendships among them. They

warm friendships among them. I liked my method of doing business. In the meantime the Hamilton "Banner" went out of existence and the "Times" sprang up in its stead. Major Thomas Gray, a Roman Catholic gentleman of public spirit, was the founder of the "Times." It changed hands until the paper came into the possession of Mr. C. E. Stewart, an Irish gentleman from Brantford. One of his editors was Mr. Christopher Tyner from Toronto, a gentleman that I was well acquainted with. Mr. Stewart had every confidence in me and often consulted me about his business affairs. When I returned to Hamilton the Smileys were all dead and the business of the Spectator was in the hands of Messrs. Gillespy & Robertson, and my place of business was in the north end of the ground floor of their building, on a corner of Main and Hughson streets. We got on well

together. Mr. Gillespy was an old acquaintance, Mr. Robertson a new one. In Toronto I got on well until the year 1868, when I secured the agency for the Scotch type foundry of Miller & Richard of Edinburg, and was doing fine. I established a branch of my business in Buffalo and presumed to look for the patronage of the public printing office in Washington, but in this I failed, although the superintendent, Col. A. M. Clapp, was my friend. By this time the profit of my Toronto business was worth \$10,000 a year. Among my Toronto enterprises up to this time were two publications, one humorous and the other literary. I was not loth to burden myself with many undertakings and I was for a time the editorial writer for the "Irish Canadian," a service voluntarily performed. I had to relinquish this because of the ob-

jectionable character of some of the matter the directors insisted on inserting. By their course they got themselves into trouble and many others besides. But Mr. Boyle was always my friend.

* * *

I should mention here before I go any further that two former Hamilton men were largely instrumental in bringing the late brilliant states-

man, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, to Canada. Those two were the late Sir Frank Smith and myself. I devoted myself largely to the service of that gentleman. I assisted in establishing a paper in Toronto in his interest — the Canadian Freeman—and brought the late James G. Moylan here to conduct it. I spent a great deal of time in promoting the Canadian immigration movement inaugurated by Mr. McGee. I was elected a director of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute and inaugurated the winter series of soirees, that were carried on in its hall for years. At those entertainments I was always the presiding officer. I had acquired, too, considerable prominence in the Irish community of Toronto and presided on various occasions at their assemblies and meetings. I was at one time influential enough to determine who should be mayor of the city, and that

was a good Irish Methodist, the late John George Bowes.

* * *

In 1867 my business ambition rose high and I leased the block of buildings on the south-east corner of King and Bay streets. There I accumulated every facility got the service of my customers, the printers and publishers of Canada. In 1868 I established a branch of my business in Buffalo, N.Y. In 1869 I planned to go to Europe to secure new facilities, such as the Marinoni fast printing machine of Paris; a type casting machine from London for my Buffalo branch, and the Otto gas engine from Germany, and many other things. I was away six months, and in the meantime men were at work planning my undoing. When I returned my Buffalo business was a ruin. My principal and most profitable Toron-

to agency was by treachery taken from me. I got discouraged and having a longing look towards the "glorious climate of California," determined to abandon Canada and go there. I never contracted any bad habits injurious to business, so no one can attribute such habits as the cause of my downfall. I was engaged in many business enterprises in California, where I had several publications, including a daily newspaper in the state capital. While in San Francisco I organized a Canadian Society. When in Sacramento I was head of a new party there designed to reform conditions in the state. I had occasion to go to Chicago on business and determined in 1878 to make it my future home. There I experienced the ups and downs of life. The very first night I spent there I addressed an assemblage of 20,000 people. I organized

drage of 20,000 people
the Knights of Labor there and for a
time was at the head of that labor or-
ganization. I soon had a newspaper
at my command that reached every
part of the United States. In 1883
I was waited upon by a deputation
to head a movement for the reform
of the Town of Lake's government.
In this district was situated the Un-
ion Stock Yards and I and my friends
had the powerful opposition of the
railroad, packing-house and stock
yards corporations; but we succeeded
in electing our men and reforming
the administrative condition of the
town, the wealthiest in the United
States. I then started a series of

suburban newspapers with some success and some of them are in existence yet and doing well. But with all this effort and enterprise I accumulated no wealth.

At last a crisis came. A year ago my good wife and myself took sick at the same time—my wife while here on a visit to her daughter, and I in Chicago, when I had to take refuge in an hospital. I had received a partial paralytic stroke from the effects of which I have not yet fully recovered. My wife died and is buried in St. Michael's Cemetery with my mother and my little son, drowned in the Humber river on the Toronto public holiday of 1869. I am here now enjoying my old Canadian air and hoping for the full restoration of my impaired health, living with an only daughter and enjoying the companionship of a loving brother. Here I am now, endeavoring to earn a

precarious livelihood by writing reminiscences, etc., and preparing to take the lecture field while a Hamilton newspaper that I often helped, takes me to task and says I have lost my memory. This is not the only ingratitude that I am suffering. A Toronto publisher who has grown very rich of late years, and is giving away thousands of dollars for beneficent purposes, was owing me about \$10,000 when I left Canada, and refuses me a helping hand in the slightest degree. And this is the story of an Old-Timer, very romantic when told in detail, but here cut short. I have hopes yet that may be realized, if my memory becomes no worse and my health does not utterly fail.

* * *

I purpose to enter the lecture field and take the lecture platform. I believe I have experience enough, reputation enough, and capacity enough, for this, while I am incapable of doing any serious or continuous labor on account of my physical condition, and there does not seem to be a superfluity of platform talent in Canada at present.

* * *

The subject for my lectures this winter shall be "Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish patriot, American editor and Canadian statesman."

McGee since

...dian statesman.

I had known of Mr. McGee since boyhood. I saw him on an emigrant ship peering to the west, like another Columbus; I met him in the neighboring republic, fighting the battle of life and yearning for an honorable fame; and I saw him in this Dominion, formulating its form of government and directing its destiny. I have written his life and propose to pronounce his eulogy.

* * *

An American journal remarking on my "Personal Recollections," says:

"Thomas D'Arcy McGee is one of the most interesting characters in modern history. Brilliant, romantic, unfortunate in his life and death, the story of McGee has a charm far surpassing that of the most noted characters in fiction, but there is no fiction in Mr. Halley's portrayal. The author knew his hero well and tells his sad story with a fidelity that will be recognized by hundreds who are still young enough to live again scenes and times in which they bore a part. Mr. Halley's "Recollections" will have more than ordinary interest for Buffalonians, as they have a strong local flavor, McGee and others portrayed therein having spent more or less time in this city."

* * *

Arrangements are being made at the present time for this lecture in three different localities—two in Toronto and one in Hamilton. Remote localities will be visited if there be no unusual physical hardships to be endured. For terms, etc., address the lecturer, care of the "Catholic Register," Toronto.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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HAS A BAD MEMORY.

"OLD TIMER" IS FAR OFF IN SOME STATEMENTS.

Like some other old timers who write from very defective memories about former days in Hamilton, William Halley, who is loading the Catholic Register every week with a letter, is shockingly astray in what he presents as facts. In his last letter he gets off the following: "Another Irish printer was John Christian, from Dublin, who came to Hamilton in the year 1845, and found employment in the Gazette office. He was one of the "giants of those days" but not much of a printer. He lived a long time in Hamilton and died there."

Mr. Christian was father of Mr. Isaac Christian, newspaper pressman of the Times, and is remembered by others, although dead since 1866. John Christian

was one of the best of printers. He served seven years in the Queen's printing office in Dublin, having to pay £40 to get in as an apprentice. His certificate of qualification is in the family yet. He was foreman in some of the best printing offices of the day, including the Gazette and the Spectator, and always commanded the highest wages paid in his day.

Mr. Halley's references to a number of other old Hamiltonians are as far from the truth as the above.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

About More Hamilton Worthies Who Have Come to the Writers' Memory —The Duggans of Hamilton and Toronto—The Galbraiths, Old Settlers—Frank Smith's Early Days in Hamilton—More About the Brani-gans—Some Hamilton Bakers, In-cluding Harris Brothers—The Mc-Donoughs — The Nortons — Alick Borland's Printer Son—Owen Duffy —“Paddy” Bourke, the Auctioneer —Perkins, the Strong Man.

Of the early Hamilton lawyers, Mr. R. O. Duggan was the most brilliant as a pleader. At any rate he was one that most captivated my fancy. My impression is that he was a brother of Dr. Duggan, whose residence was on the north-west corner of King William and Hughson streets. I used often to sit up in the gallery of the old court house to hear him talk. I don't know positively, but I believe the Hamilton and the Toronto Duggans were members of the same family. There were in Toronto, Coroner Duggan, the father, and Judge Duggan, a son, who was a prominent member of the bar. I remember once serving as juror for Coroner Duggan, and as foreman of the grand jury for Judge Duggan, his son. The Duggans were Irish and were very prominent people in their day, especially the father, in the perilous period of the rebellion. R. O.

Duggan of Hamilton built and occupied one of the first houses erected on the mountain side. Those Duggans were not Catholics like other Hamilton Duggans.

* * *

There was in the forties in Hamilton a business firm named Galbraith, John and David. Their store was in the block where the Waldorf Hotel is now. I think they were natives of the soil, and were among the very earliest people to do business there. Galbraith is a Scotch name, and a Gaelic one. David Galbraith is yet alive and well and perhaps the oldest resident. He must be nearly ninety years of age. I was happy to meet him at the Waldorf Hotel a few days ago and discuss old times with him. He was looking well and was active for one of his great age, while his memory was good enough to remember me as a boy.

* * *

John Campbell was a shoemaker in Corktown, I believe on Walnut street. He was a good citizen, an Irish Catholic and a brother of Neil Campbell, the blacksmith on the mountain.

* * *

Frank Smith, who died in Toronto, distinguished as Hon. Sir Frank Smith, came to Hamilton in the forties and kept a grocery store on the north side of King street, I believe in Stinson's block, east of Hughson street. He had previously been in the service of Frank Logan, an Irish Catholic, who kept a number of stores distributed through the villages within a radius of some miles of Toronto, and I think at one time had one in Hamilton. Mr. Smith, although not a man of much education, was a very good business man. He boarded with Mrs. Beatty, whose hotel was on the south-east corner of

Main and John streets. She was a very popular hostess. While Mr. Smith was in Hamilton a clothier named John O'Higgins came upon the scene and set up a place of business near unto Mr. Smith's. I remember a sign he had attracting customers. It was, "The Cheapest Spot in Canada." Mrs. O'Higgins was a daughter of Martin J. O'Beirne of Toronto, and a very stylish lady. They had a very beautiful daughter, who played the organ in St. Mary's Church, to whom Mr. Smith soon began to pay his addresses, and it was no uncommon thing to see him escorting her to St. Mary's on Sunday mornings. Mr. Smith afterwards removed to London, Ont., where he had a very successful business career and was elected mayor of that city, and at the same time Miss O'-

Higgins, as Mrs. Smith, was entitled to the honors of Lady Mayaress. Mr. Smith took unto himself a business partner, a Hamilton boy named Thomas Wilson, a son of Mrs. Beatty, who kept the hotel as above described, and a good business man he was. Mrs. Beatty was married twice, her first husband being named Wilson, and Thomas Wilson and James Wilson, and Miss Catherine Wilson, were her children by her first husband. She had several nice children by her second marriage, but their history I am unacquainted with.

* * *

At any rate Mr. Smith prospered so well in London that he determined to establish a wholesale house in Toronto, and in this also he was successful. Here the writer of this became intimate with him and participated with him in some political enterprises, but especially the Catholic League, of which Mr. Smith was President and the writer, Secretary. Mr. Smith here formed political aspirations and ambitioned to be a member of the Canadian Senate. In this he was successful too, but I believe mostly through the exertions of his business partner, Mr. Thomas Wilson. Both Smith and Wilson were great admirers of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, and they linked their political fortunes to his. Tom Wilson married a Toronto young lady, Miss Mary Ann O'Dea, who was very beautiful and a relative of Mrs. Smith. But poor Wilson died young and very

much regretted. He was a good-hearted man and many Toronto people were under obligations to him of one kind and another, including the writer. Smith grew into importance as he grew older and became a Cabinet Minister and a Knight of the British Empire. There was a time in his career when the whole country was under obligation to him financially as well as politically. He was a man of excellent judgment and notwithstanding his limited education, of broad views. He was largely instrumental in the coming of D'Arcy McGee to Canada. No Canadian's death was more regretted than his, which took place in Toronto some years ago.

* * *

The father of William Branigan, who has been mentioned in these recollections, was also William Branigan, who kept a tavern on James street north, and an old soldier. I remember him by the sign he had swinging over the sidewalk—a dragoon on horseback. He was late of the Royal Artillery. Terry Branigan was his relative. Some of the Branigans were Catholics and some Protestants. Terry was one of the Catholic leaders of Hamilton, but this Branigan was a Protestant. There were several Irish families in Hamilton in those days whose religion was mixed like this.

* * *

The proportion of Catholics to Protestants in Dundas in those days was larger than in Hamilton, and many removed hither. John P. Larkin, the dry goods merchant, came to Hamilton from Dundas; so did Tom Beatty, who married the widow Wilson, and a couple of shoemakers named Duggan, that I remember.

* * *

Peter Cronin was the name of one of the early Irish settlers in Hamilton. He had a large family of boys and lived in the north-east end of the town. His occupation was that of well sinker. John Cronin, one of his sons, served mass for Vicar-General Macdonell and drove a bread wagon for McKeever, the baker. Peter Cronin removed to a farm in Flamboro.

* * *

There were several Irish-Catholic bakers in Hamilton in the forties. There was Terry Brannigan, John O'Grady, and Thomas McKeever. Brannigan was the more noted because he had a taste for local politics and was one of those who "ran" the town. His bakery was in my recollection on King William street. John O'Grady's bakery was on the corner

of Walnut and Peel streets, or there about. McKeever was the last to come and had his place of business on James and Cannon streets. I rather think McKeever also kept a public house. He was a very respectable-looking man and his wife a superior woman. I know they kept boarders and among these was Captain Boylan, captain of the schooner "Princess." Captain Boylan married Miss McKeever, who was a red-headed beauty, who after Boylan's death, married a Mr. Highland, and removed to Kingston.

* * *

"Tim" Duggan was an Irishman who lived in Corktown and had a son named Cornelius, who was a servant of Vicar-General Macdonell. "Con" used to have sore eyes that were very distressing. Nora Duggan, his sister, a beauty, used to work for Mrs. Warmoll, who kept a milliner's shop on King street west, just beyond James street. The Warmolls were English Catholics. They had a son Charles, a lawyer, who was at one time a partner of Senator O'Donohoe, in Toronto.

* * *

John O'Heir was a saddle and harness-maker, a large man of fine presence. I am not certain, but I think his shop was on John street south, in the Courthouse Square, about where Joly's is now. I learn that Mr. O'Heir of the law firm of Staunton & O'Heir, is a son of this Mr. John O'Heir. If so, he comes of good stock.

* * *

Owen Nolan, liveryman, came to Hamilton from Toronto in the late forties. He was a hustling sort of an Irishman, who soon went into the hotel business. He leased Lynd's old place on James street, a white frame house with a verandah in front of it. He afterwards kept a livery stable and hotel on Highson street. I rather think he acquired some wealth before his death, which took place many years ago.

* * *

There was a family of McDonoughs that was rather prominent in the forties. One of them was Rev. Father John McDonough, who for a time was pastor of St. Paul's church, Toronto, and afterwards pastor of the Catholic church in St. Catharines. Andrew McDonough lived in Hamilton at the same time. Andrew was a tall, good-looking man, who was a little "off" and used to peddle tea among the Hamiltonians. "Old Hyson" "Young Hyson" and "Bohea," were the popular brands in those days. Andrew had an attraction for Irish people, and for those who bought of his stock he would recite "Emmit's Dying Speech" and in this way kept their custom. Another brother was a farmer residing in one of the townships near Toronto.

* * *

Charles Norton was one of Hamilton's early hotel-keepers. He used to be clerk at Devereaux's Royal Exchange, and was a very obliging and popular man. He married the leading woman in that hotel, who was much esteemed. When the City Hotel was built on James street he became its first lessee. The Nortons were Catholics. They afterwards removed to St. Catharines, where they kept the Welland House.

* * *

Maurice White, a shoemaker, was a stylish young man in Hamilton in those days. He dressed well and behaved well and attended to his religious duties. He went away to the States and deserved a good fate.

* * *

Alick Borland, who kept the "Rising Sun" Hotel on King street west, was married to a sister of John Hand, the famous Hamilton printer, and the fastest known type-setter in America, had a son who was also a printer and rapid compositor. When John Hand was foreman of McGinnis' "True Delta" office in New Orleans, before the war of the rebellion, young Borland worked there. It was the fashion then for Canadian printers to flit to New Orleans in the winter. Pat Boyle of Toronto used to do so. William Cliff, the oldest printer in Hamilton, now in retirement, used to do it. He worked in the "True Delta" office too, and he tells me that young Borland was almost as remarkable as a fast compositor in New Orleans as his uncle was in Hamilton. John Hand was one of

the founders of the Hamilton "Banner," and I am not sure but what he had a share in the Times too, in its earlier days.

* * *

There was a young Irishman named Jackson, a nephew of Steven Oliver, the auctioneer, who came to Hamilton about 1845. He worked for Mr. Oliver for a while and often used to tell me wonderful stories about his family, which he claimed to be related to General Andrew Jackson, a former president of the United States. He may have drawn the long bow, but I formed a great admiration for him, he was so great a talker, and he lately out from Ireland too. I don't know what became of him.

* * *

The Harris Brothers, bakers, on the market square, are one of the oldest business firms in Hamilton. I have known three generations of that family. The present members of the firm I believe were born in Hamilton on the spot where their bakery is now. Their grandfather came to Canada from Baltimore in the United States and settled in Guelph. Their father came to Hamilton from Guelph in 1848. Their father was English and their mother Irish. The family has the reputation of being very good Catholics. John Harris of Guelph was, I believe, once mayor of that city and a very estimable gentleman.

* * *

While writing about bakers—Brani-
gan, O'Grady, McKeever and Harris
Bros.—I want to tell about Owen
Duffy, another baker. Owen was a
bright young Hamilton boy. His
father was Henry Duffy, a constable
or bailiff, residing in Corktown. When
I organized the Young Irishmen's So-
ciety in Hamilton in 1849, prior to
my going down to Toronto, Owen
Duffy was chosen its president and
the late Alderman Fitzpatrick its
vice-president. Owen had a bakery
of his own and drove his own bread-
wagon. Something went wrong with
his business and he drove to the
wharf one day, hitched up his horse
to a post and disappeared, and was
never seen in Hamilton again. He
went down to Quebec, where he edit-
ed a weekly literary paper called
"Our Journal." I once saw a copy
of it, but I never saw Duffy again,
nor do I know what became of him.

* * *

"Paddy" Bourke was a character in Hamilton in the forties and later. He was a book auctioneer. He did not confine his visits to Hamilton, but took in most of the Canadian towns, east and west. He was a rough diamond. When in Hamilton he used to put up at Beatty's Hotel. It used to be said he could not read; yet he would describe a book, praise its merits and all that, when offering one for sale, and seldom made a mistake. Many a time I heard him say, "how much a wollum." It was he who taught Barnes, a Hamilton bookseller of a later date, and James Wilson, his partner, the book business; also Bernard Cosgrave in Toronto, who flourished here in the fifties.

* * *

A man named Perkins flourished in Hamilton in the forties. He was a hotel-keeper on James street, north of the market. He was the first man to start a school for teaching "the noble art of self-defence" or boxing.

I don't know what nationality Perkins belonged to, but his wife was a sister of "Paddy" Reed, an Irish bailiff. "Paddy" Reed had a contract for cutting down the clay cliff at the harbor, which was full of sand-swallow holes. The bank all along the bay front was full of those swallow holes, and it looked like a huge pepper box. Perkins, I think, sold out to Bill Moran, who was reported to be Hamilton's foremost gambler. Perkins was a very strong man and looked it.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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